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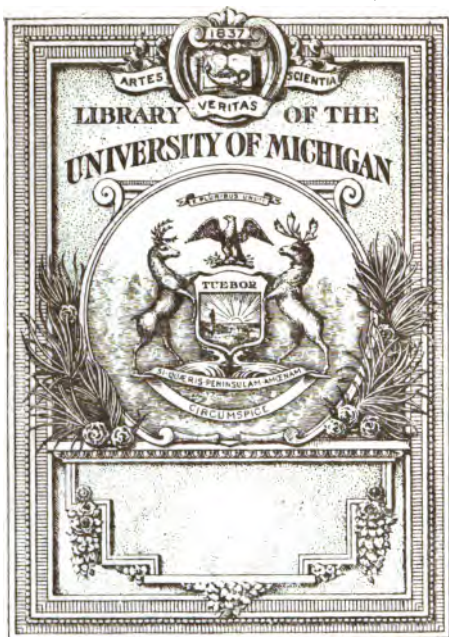
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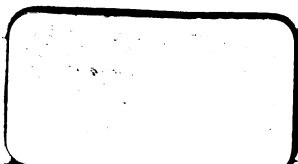
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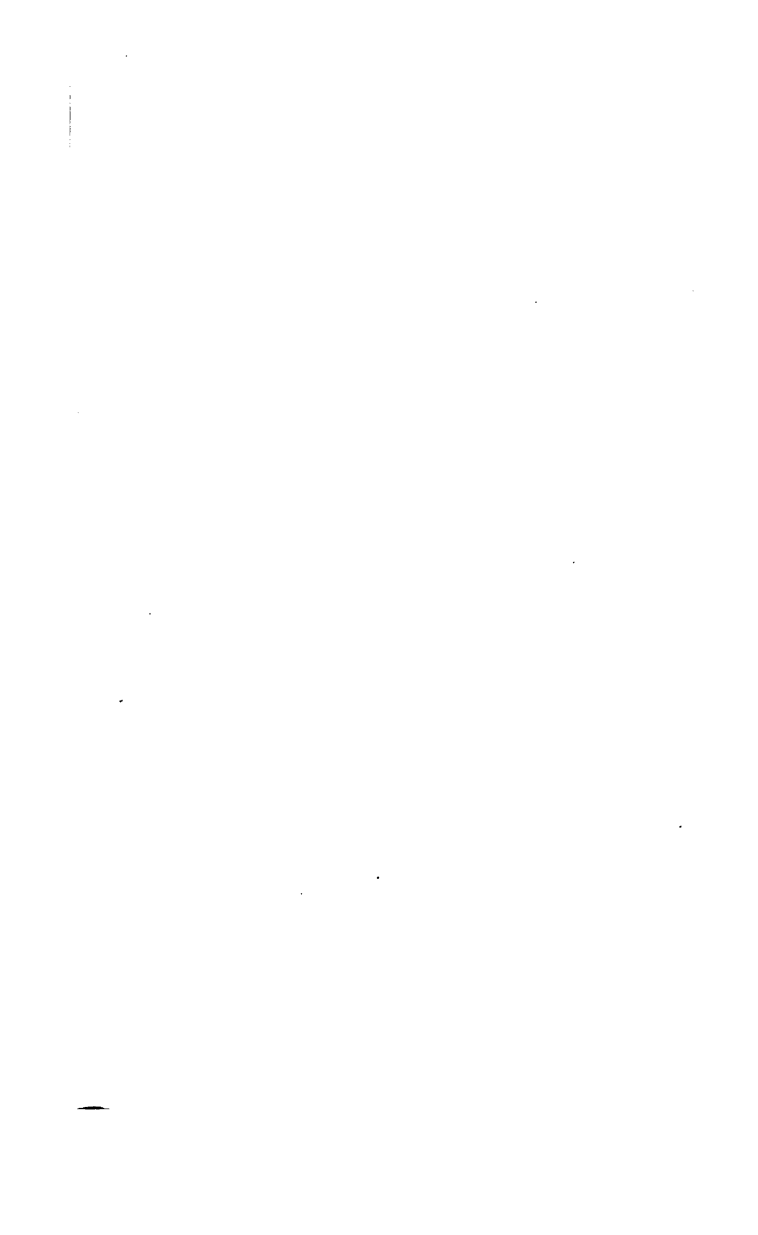
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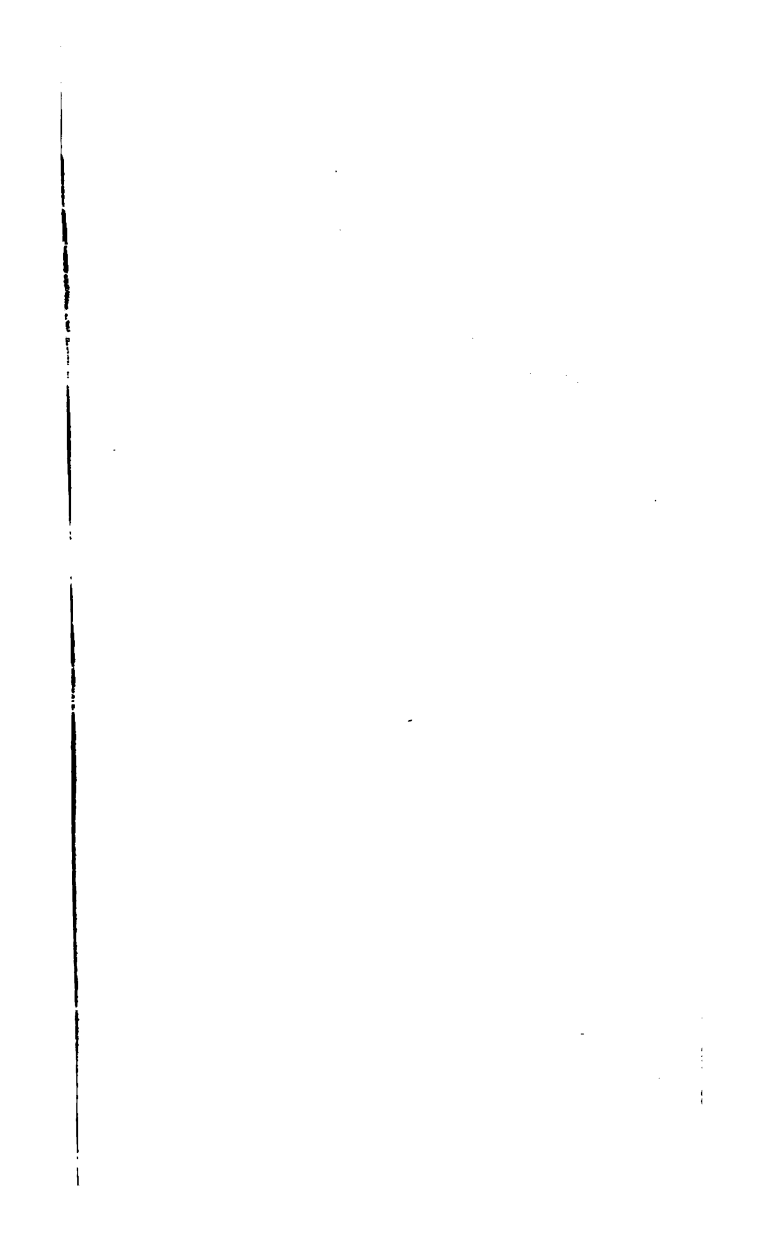


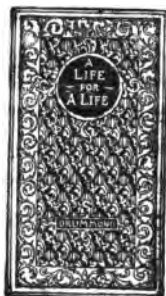
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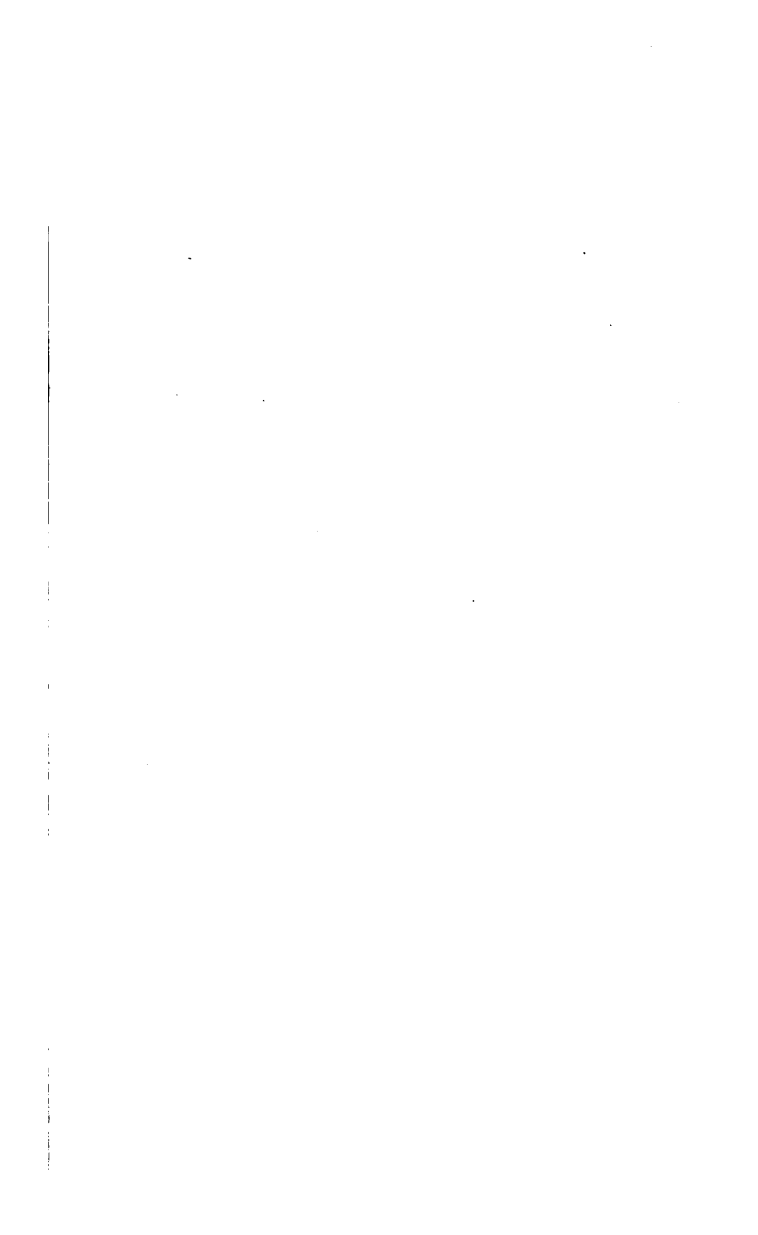
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J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

The Ivory Palaces of the King

BY

J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.

Author of "Received ye the Holy Ghost?" Etc.



New York Chicago Toronto
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DEDICATION.

TO MY WIFE,

WHOSE LOVING SYMPATHY HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE
AND EASY TO LIVE WHAT THIS LITTLE BOOK
CONTAINS, AND WHOSE PERFECT SELF-
SACRIFICE MADE THE WAY EASY TO
TRAVEL, THAT I MIGHT "DO THE
WORK OF AN EVANGELIST,"
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTION-
ATELY DEDICATED.

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CONTENTS.

- I. THE PALACE HE LEFT.
- II. THE ONE HE BIDS US ENTER.
- III. THE ENLARGING BLESSING.
- IV. THE FULL REWARD.

THE IVORY PALACES OF THE KING.

I.

THE PALACE HE LEFT.

When an Old Testament poet would give us a glimpse of the beauty of the character of Jesus Christ and press upon us some conception as to what his incarnation meant to Him by way of sacrifice and to us in the fullness of blessing, he writes these words: "All Thy garments smell of Myrrh and Aloes and Cassia, out of the Ivory Palaces." These words form only one touch of a master's hand in the almost perfect delineation of a perfect

character; for the forty-fifth psalm is a picture of the Son of God, from the first verse almost to the last. It is so presented that it appeals to us in different ways. To the eye he is the most fair, to the ear most gracious, and his garments are so perfumed that even as he sweeps past us, by faith, there comes to us a better fragrance than any that has ever been borne on the wings of the summer wind. It is the purpose of this little book, not only to present the 'Ivory Palaces' from which he came to be our Saviour but also to present the great Palace of a christian's life; at the door of which he stands to-day beckoning us on, saying, "I am come, that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." The very idea of a Palace is that of splendor. There have been magnifi-

cent Palaces in this world like the Tuileries of the French, the Windsor castle of the English and the Alhambra of the Spanish; but they are not for a moment, to be compared to the Palaces of Ivory from whence He came to redeem the world.

The Old Testament poet then, could only have had this thought in mind: that the Palaces of Ivory were overwhelmingly beautiful, almost beyond the power of words to describe, and yet, God so loved the world, and His Son was so submissive to His will, that the scene in Bethlehem was enacted and the death on the cross was made real.

The most touching thing about it all to me is this; that He came from such a place; to such a place; from the company of the angels to this world where



His own received Him not: where He was despised of men, a pilgrim without a home, a wanderer without a friend; and yet He knew all about it before. He came, and herein is seen His marvelous love, for He was "the lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Holman Hunt had the idea in his master piece, "The Shadow of the Cross," in which he represents Jesus of Nazareth as standing at the carpenter's bench where he is wearied with his work, and, as the day is dying, he lifts Himself from the constrained position in which He has been laboring, and seeking to relax His muscles, He stretches forth his arms, and stands thus for a moment while the sunlight is coming in at one of the windows just at the proper angle to cast at his back the shadow of a cross. The



artist caught this idea in his picture. The shadow of the cross was on him at Bethlehem, in Egypt, at Nazareth, in Gethsemane and at last deepened into Calvary. And yet in the shadows ever deepening he moved on to become our Redeemer.

I am persuaded that if I could only make you feel all that he endured as he came out from the Ivory Palaces, to be your Saviour, you could not resist his power. Another thought about his coming may be suggestive. From other palaces of earth, there is a way that leads out to the greater highway. Along this the friends make their journeys to and from the mansion. Not infrequently they may be seen at quite a distance, then at a bend in the way, they are lost sight of, only to be seen a little nearer, until

14

at last their journey is completed and with their friends they are united. As I think of Him coming out of the Ivory Palaces, such a highway springs to my mind. It is the Old Testament: it is the grand avenue that leads up to the gospel dispensation. There are very many people who have turned away from the Old Testament, with its sacrifices and burnt offerings, but that man has not yet taken hold of the real sweetness of God's book who has found it only in the New Testament scriptures. The old couplet is true:

"The new is in the old contained;
The old is by the new explained."

The Old Testament becomes not only plain but convincing when you make it point to Christ. One of my friends took home a dissecting map to his little children seeking thus to instruct



them in geography. They worked diligently to put it together but failed. One girl lost her patience and rose up from the floor where they were at work saying, she would try no more. Her foot touched one of the pieces of the map and turned it over and she saw on the other side a part of a man's hand. Turning over another piece she saw part of his face and then to her great surprise she found a part of the figure on every piece before her; then she said to her sister, "let us put the man together first." this they did, and when the map was turned over behold every river, mountain and sea was in its proper place. This is the secret of Bible study. Put the man Christ Jesus together first. Isaac bound on the faggots thus becomes a representation of Christ, while Abra-

ham points to God. Jacob's Ladder rising up from Bethel is a type of Jesus Christ. One side of the ladder is His human nature, the other side of the ladder is His divine nature; all the incidents in His life are the rounds of the ladder, and as we stand and look up, we hear His voice saying: "By me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved." The smitten rock in the Old Testament tells of Him who said on the great day of the feast, "if any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." The Brazen serpent is a type of him who said; "and I if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."

Down the long avenue he comes. Types and figures get plainer and plainer until Bethlehem's gates swing open and shepherds are aroused with the angel's song: "Unto you is born

this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord," and from His first infant step to the last one upon Calvary when, bearing His cross he fainted beneath its load, His whole life was a seeking after the lost. There is not only given to us however, a hint of the splendor from which He came; there is also a touch of a master's hand which adds great tenderness to the fact of His coming. In the cathedral at Notre Dame there is an old chest which contains the robes worn on great occasions in the ages past. It is said that there is the robe worn by Pope Pius the VII., at the crowning of the first Napoleon, and the robe that was worn at the baptism of the Second Napoleon. A friend of mine said that as these garments were before him, there came a perfect rush

of historical memories to his mind, and so it has seemed to me in order that the heart of the beholder might be made very tender and the picture of Jesus Christ Himself most impressive, the poet not only tells us of His coming incarnation but holds up before us the garments He wore.

Passing through the hall of my own home one day, I beheld on the couch in one of the rooms an old garment I had not seen for years. It was made after the fashion of twenty-five years ago. If one should put it on to-day, it would be only to provoke mirth, but as my eyes rested upon it, there came to my mind one of the tenderest scenes in a person's life. It was the last dress I had seen my mother wear. I stood alone in that room for half an hour with my hand upon the garment; the

very touch of it seeming to bring before me, with ever increasing tenderness, the face of one who had been for twenty-three years in heaven. The very sight of the garment made the tears flow like rain. I am sure the Old Testament poet himself must have wanted us to have some such conception of Jesus Christ when he said there was myrrh in his garments. He must have had some reference to the very sweetness of His life, for myrrh is always fragrant—the smallest piece of it will fill a room with perfume. It was the first thing they gave Him at His birth—almost the last thing they offered Him upon His cross.

Did not His garments smell of myrrh, because of the sweetness of His influence? You cannot wear Him out. Put upon him all your burdens. Afflict

Him with all your griefs and He is ever the same. If we could but tell the story of His sweetness and if we could but live His life, we could charm the drunkard from his cups, the prodigal from his wanderings, and the sinner from his sins.

One of my friends owns the two master pieces of Munkasky's "Christ before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary." When the former picture was on exhibition in the lower part of Canada, it is said a rough looking man came to the door of the tent and said to the attendant, "is Jesus Christ here?" When informed that the picture was there, he asked the price of admission. Throwing down a piece of silver, he passed in and stood in the presence of the masterpiece. He kept his hat on, sat down on the chair before the paint-

ing and brushed off the catalogue. The one having the picture in charge had a desire to see how such a picture would move such a man. The man sat for a moment and then reverently removed his hat, stooped and picked up the catalogue, and, looking first at it and then at that marvelous face which seemed to throb with life; tears started from his eyes and rolled down his cheeks; he sat for an hour, then he left the tent and as he went out said: "I am a rough sailor from the lakes but I promised my mother before I went on this last cruise, that I would go and see Jesus Christ. I never believed in such things before, but a man who could paint a picture like that, must believe in them, and there is something in the picture that makes me believe in them too."

It is a marvelous thing that there is power in a canvass when touched by a master hand to save a soul. It is also marvelous that your life and mine may be so transformed that people can see in us Jesus Christ; and when they behold in us His sweetness there is a power before which they must surrender. One of the best things therefore to represent Him in His sweetness, is myrrh.

There is another touch given to the picture which adds both tenderness and pathos. David detected aloes in His garments. Very frequently aloes mean bitterness. It was a bitter life for Christ. The nights on the mountain, on the sea, and in the desert, were nights of bitterness. His bosom was the resting place for John, and yet He had no place to lay His own

head. He fed the five thousand, yet ofttimes He was an hungered and no man gave unto Him. Bitter betrayal, bitter pain, bitter bereavement stung its way through his brain, his hands, his heart.

There was one family that seemed to be very near him. They lived at Bethany, and one day as he visited them, behold Lazarus was dead. He knows what it is to miss one from the family circle. Lonely and afflicted, his eyes filled with tears which flowed down his cheeks, upon his breast, and then fell to the ground. Aloes in His very garments. Oh, ye who have done naught but reject Him, how do you feel in His presence—who to save you, left the Ivory Palaces to endure all this?

There is still another touch to the

picture, for Cassia is found in his garments. Cassia grows in India, and has healing power, and what could it mean but that He is the great physician? When He was on earth, mothers lifted their little children to Him that He might bless them, and fathers brought their suffering boys that He might set them free. Lepers ran crying after Him, that He might drive away their uncleanness. Blind men reached out to Him in their blindness that He might open their eyes.

When I was in Hartford at one time with Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins we were asked to visit the Deaf and Dumb asylum, and speak and sing to the children who never had heard a human voice. It was a very novel experience, and yet as my friends sang, "Shall you? Shall I?" and the interpre-

ter told them the song, it so touched their hearts that tears flowed down their cheeks. But what moved me more than anything else, was one little boy who had been born deaf and dumb, and who at an early age had by sickness lost first his eye sight, then the sense of taste and the sense of smell; but as they introduced him to us, they also presented his teacher, a young, frail, beautiful girl, who, when the boy was brought to the institution, said that she would give her life to bring him to the understanding of some language. She taught him the language of touch, and I saw her fingers move rapidly in the palms of his hands, and the boy's sightless eyes flashed with intelligence as he hurried over the building to do her bidding. And I said to my-

self that was what Christ did for me. I was blind and He opened my eyes; deaf, and He unstopped my ears and poured into my very soul the harmony of heaven; dumb, and He unsealed my lips and pressed upon them the language of the skies. The great physician is a great Saviour, and He will help you whatever your need may be.

He came into the world becoming incarnate, dwelling in the flesh, a seeking, sorrowing, suffering Saviour, crying out with a tenderness which should touch every heart "By me, if any man enter, he shall be saved." And yet with all that Jesus Christ has done there is still something for every one of us to do before we may enter into the Ivory Palaces of a Christian experience.

II.

THE PALACE HE BIDS US ENTER.

The only way to enter this world is to be born into it, and the only way to enter this Palace of a Christian's life is to be born into it. Unto Nicodemus, the Master said, "ye must be born again," and we too must pass through the door by which he entered. To the disciples who stood around about him he said "except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." These are the words of Jesus himself. There can be no authority beyond his.

What hope is there for the moralist, when Jesus Himself has said: "Except ye be converted." What ground is there for the idea that God is so merciful that after a time all may be saved, when His only begotten Son has said: "Ye shall not enter the kingdom except ye be converted."

He makes the subject all the more important when he says:

"Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: It is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire."

"And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire."

Indeed, this question is so important, that it should be settled before anything else.

WHAT IS CONVERSION?

When a piece of land is sold it is said to have been converted from one owner to another. What then is conversion for us but the change of owners. From being Satan's, we become Christ's. Our affections, our desires, our longings go out to Him. The only difference between the two being that we submit to the spirit and accept the offers of mercy from God. The word in its simplest interpretation means: "Being turned about." The traveler going in one direction, finds that he has made a mistake in the way, so he turns squarely about; in a sense he has been converted. The

old soldier gave a good definition of his conversion, when he said that with him, it was "right about face."

For this reason morality will not save us. I remember once meeting a blind man, who was a neighbor. He had the faculty of going to every part of the town without a guide, he carried a little cane in his hand, with which he would touch the trees and the fences as he passed. It was just the time that I knew he was supposed to be going to his dinner, so I stopped him, asking him where he was going: "To my home," he replied. But I said to him: "You are going in the wrong direction." He suffered me to take him by the hand and turn him about, and then walking in just the same manner, but with his face turned in the new way, I saw him as he entered his house.

The trouble with our friends who are moralists is, that they are very circumspect in their actions, gentle in their manners, kind in their disposition, but they are going in the wrong direction! Their faces are turned away from God.

Perhaps they need not change their *manner* of living very much if they are converted, but the whole *tendency* of their living will be changed.

To be converted is to know:

1st. That you are a sinner, and that without Christ you are lost.

2nd. To believe that the Lord Jesus Christ can save you.

3d. To submit yourselves entirely to Him.

Yet it is not to be forgotten, that while the power is the same, and the work is all of God, that no two

persons need expect to have the same experience. We do not expect this in other things, why should we in the matter of our salvation? One person is of an impulsive, affectionate disposition, and he gives his heart to God with a great demonstration of affection. Another person is of a calm, considerate disposition. He comes very quietly into the kingdom.

Some men are saved from great sin. Conversion for them is a change as great as from darkness to light. Others are just the opposite, and for years they have stood so near the kingdom that all they needed was just a simple confession of Christ as a Saviour. Peter followed the Master with greatest demonstration. John and James were just the opposite—all three were disciples.

Saul was converted in the midst of the glare of the light of heaven; Nicodemus came in the night time, and quietly made up his mind to yield to the Master—both were saved.

The blind men were healed in different ways. One had his eyes touched by the great physician; another had clay and spittle put upon them; another was simply told to see. One saw clearly, another at the first beheld men as trees walking. Would it not have been the greatest folly for them to have doubted their sight, simply because their experiences were not identical? One thing they could say together, that whereas they were blind, now they could see, and that was the all-important matter.

It is well to ask how this work is all brought about. The ground and foun-

dation of it is the finished work of Christ; His perfect sacrifice, His complete atonement. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and Thou shalt be saved." That is the only way. Yet the statement, "Except ye be converted," would seem to indicate that there was some person or influence outside of and beyond ourselves. And this is true. It is the Holy Spirit of God. It is His work to arouse us, to convict us of sin, to make us feel our lost condition and our need of Christ, when we are thus awakened, He presents Christ to us, then it is for us to open the door of the heart, to submit our wills to Him, to forsake all and follow Him; in other words it is to say "I will." The word of God is very plain about the matter, that all we need to do is simply to believe.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." John iii: 16-18.

In the light of these words, how can we longer doubt? I have known of those who were saved without great conviction of sin, so that one need not be discouraged, if he is without this. In the 3rd of John, we read that Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, and there is no evidence that he

was a great sinner; his life had been very circumspect; he was one of the Rulers of the Jews; but there was a great need in his heart; it was not guilt of conscience, but the great void in his heart that led him to the Master. If you have either, come to Him, for He can take away every stain of sin, and He can also fill to overflowing every longing heart.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." John v: 24.

There is not a word about feeling, nor about getting better, nor understanding the way, but just simply "believing."

May we know just when we were

converted? I am very sure that some people have had this experience, but I am just as sure that there are others who have not; this is not discouraging, for I should be very sure that I had been born, even if I did not know my birth-day. I know a man who can tell you the day, the hour, almost the second, that he was converted. I was sitting by his side, one Friday evening, at 9:15 o'clock, in a certain part of the Lecture room of the church. He lifted his eyes to heaven as he said: "I will," and all was settled. But my own experience was entirely different. I do not know the time when I was converted. I remember when I joined the church, but I had been a Christian long before. One of the greatest preachers in these modern times was kneeling at the bedside of his dying

father; he had been wayward; his father almost with his last breath said: "My son, I want you to accept Christ, and promise to meet me in heaven." And the boy as he knelt said: "Father, God helping me, I will," and he was converted there. But on the other hand, one of the best women I know had an experience exactly the opposite.

It is not necessary that you should know the moment that you were saved, but you may be saved this moment if you will but say "I will," to the entreaties of the spirit of God.

MAY I KNOW IF I HAVE BEEN CONVERTED

There is nothing of which we may be more assured. The key verse of the first epistle of John is found in the fifth chapter, it is the 13th verse:

"These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life."

We are not to judge by our feelings for they may change as often as the waves of the sea. We are not always to judge by the fact that a great change has come over us.

We are not to be sure because our experience has been the same as that of another.

We may be sure only by resting on the Word of God.

Read Romans x: 9:

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

Have you confessed Him? If not

then do it now, and you may be sure of your salvation.

Read John xx: 31:

"These are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

Do you believe? If not then begin now, and you may carry this promise to the very throne of God, and claim from Him your salvation.

My strongest reason for believing that I am saved, is not that I feel happy; nor that my life may be better than in the days gone by, but rather, that He has said it. If, therefore, I doubt my salvation, I am doubting Him.

WE MUST BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

Like them in weakness. But for

that very fact, God will place round about His everlasting arms, and we have nothing to do with the "holding out." He will keep us just as the earthly parents keep their little ones.

Like them in willingness to be taught. It is not strange that I cannot understand before I am saved, for the things of God are spiritually discerned, and it is not strange that I am able to understand so little now that I am a child of God, for I am only a little child; I need only to be patient; the time will come when I may put away "childish things."

Like them in trustfulness. The little child does not understand very much that is going on about him; he needs only to trust, as he does. And that is all that is necessary in the Christian life. Just trust, day by day,

There are two passages of scripture which make it apparent to me that the Christian life is a growth. The first is the entrance. "Verily I say unto you except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The second is the close of the journey. "Till we all come in the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God, *unto a perfect man*, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

All the way between the two is the Christian life.

If therefore, you will but take His hand, trust absolutely in Him, and cease entirely to rest upon self, you may this day step across the threshold into life.

III.

THE ENLARGING BLESSING.

Many people have supposed that when once they had accepted the offers of mercy through Jesus Christ that that was the christian life. I once occupied this position myself. I now believe that it was but stepping over the threshold and that all the chambers of the king's palace from this point on await our exploration and enjoyment. There is an ever increasing, enlarging blessing which we may have by simply receiving it. This is not at all a question of regeneration. It is a question of the life more abundant;

of deep abiding peace and of power with God and men. It touches not so much the Father nor the Son; it brings you face to face with the third person of the blessed Trinity, the Holy Ghost. There is no question which could be better put to us than the one Paul asked of the Corinthian church members, as he met them in Ephesus. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed." There may be life without the answer—there certainly cannot be power. There is a woeful amount of ignorance concerning the Holy Ghost. We do not seem to be impressed with His personality. We not infrequently use an impersonal pronoun in our petitions and remarks in referring to Him, when the fact is he shares with God the Father and the Son, the honor and power of

the Godhead. The successful christian everywhere is the one who honors Him and makes room for His entrance and control over their entire being.

What a change there would be in our christian living and in our christian experience, did we but have a definite testimony concerning this one question. One of my friends in New York city, has given up a high social position and all selfish interests that she may work among the fallen women of the metropolis. She has opened the "Door of Hope" for every one who would apply for admission. One evening, leaving her home, she took a pink rose, saying she would give it to the vilest woman she would meet in her wanderings. In a Mulberry street dive, she found her subject; a young girl with face bruised and bleeding, eyes

blood-shot, clad in rags and surrounded by a band of New York's worst characters; the vilest profanity was proceeding out of her mouth. My friend pushed her way through the crowd and put the pink rose in her hand with the request that if she ever needed a friend she would call upon her. The girl received the gift with a sneer. My friend passed on about her work, but with a prayer that God might touch her heart. Some days afterwards she found her sitting in the entry of the "Door of Hope" looking even more wretched than when her eyes first beheld her. Her first thought was to send her away, thinking that she was too low to be saved. Her second thought was, what would the Master do if he were here in my stead; and then with a great rush of love because

she beheld a soul for whom Christ died, she stooped and took her sin stained face in her hands and kissed her twice. The touch of love broke the girl's heart. She fell upon her knees in the entry and then and there gave herself to God. She became transformed, almost transfigured. She went up and down the streets of New York City into the lowest haunts of sin, herself a missionary and evangelist to her fallen sisters. Wherever she went she carried the light of heaven. Whenever she spoke it was with the power of God. A few months later she lay in her coffin at the "Door of Hope." Hundreds flocked to look at the face which was like an angel's and went away to thank God that she had not lived in vain. With a record of only a short christian experience, my friend

writes me that more than a hundred souls had been converted to Jesus Christ through her ministry. This change was all wrought because first of all she received the Son of God as her personal Saviour, and then that she threw open every door of her nature for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. The change was great but not greater than would be witnessed in the life of any child of God who would make an unconditional surrender to the spirit of God bidding him at any cost, at any sacrifice, to come in and abide with him.

It is very encouraging to know that we do not need to pray for the spirit of God as if he were afar off. In one sense the hymn is wrong where we say "come Holy Spirit heavenly dove" for he is here and is but

waiting to completely fill us. There is a beautiful figure in the Old Testament which some one has used with great blessing. In the days of the flood Noah opened the window of the ark and the little dove flew forth and finding no place to rest the sole of its foot it came back again to the outstretched hand. The second time he opened the window the dove flew forth and finding an olive branch bore it back to the hand of Noah. The third time he opened the window of the ark, the dove flew hither and thither and finding a resting place for the sole of its foot, it came back no more forever. The dove is always a figure representing the Holy Spirit. He came first in the Old Testament touching Abraham and Moses and Isaiah and others, but does not seem to abide

permanently; he came again when Jesus Christ was crucified and plucking the olive branch from the cross, he made his way back to God saying, "peace hath been made in the death of the Son." He came the third time at Pentecost with a rushing sound as of a mighty wind filling all the place where the people sat, resting upon them with cloven tongues like as of fire and he has never gone back since the day of Pentecost. He is here, waiting to fill us if we but fulfill the conditions.

For many years in my christian experience I was somewhat troubled by the fact that I could not tell just the day or the hour in which I was converted. It has ceased to trouble me now, and first, because I should know I were living in this world, even if I did not know my birthday. And secondly,

because there is something far better than knowing just the time you were converted and that is, a definite experience concerning the receiving fully of the Holy Ghost. It is a very serious question in my mind whether any one can have a full experience of power, until first of all, they have had definite experience concerning the receiving of the Holy Ghost. Have you had this?

There are some things which might be suggested which may make the way plainer for us all. There must be a deep longing for his coming, even as we longed for salvation through Jesus Christ. When we are satisfied with nothing else, when we long for nothing more, I believe He will come in and fill us and the result will be power.

Some times we find people longing

for such an experience in order that they may have peace or blessedness. Not infrequently ministers cry out for Him that they may have more power in preaching. I am convinced that He will never fill us so long as these are the first thoughts. Bid Him come in *that he may have power over yourself first*, and you are on the way to enlarging blessings. Let Him come in that he may drive out everything contrary to the will of God and you will find yourself very shortly in a full possession of His power. There is another suggestion which must not be over-looked, namely, there must be *a full surrender*. He can never fill the heart that is only partially given up. Every door of the nature, every impulse of the will, every affection of the heart must be

surrendered to Him. Then we may expect Him.

Rev. F. B. Meyer has made two helpful suggestions just here. If you cannot at once reach this position, then come before Him and say, "Lord I am willing to be made willing about everything," and "if you cannot give up everything for God then say 'I will let thee take everything.'" Then another suggestion is this, we must receive him by faith. The foundation for it is in Galatians iii: 14, "That you might receive the promise of the spirit through faith." I am convinced that if one fulfills the conditions, he has a perfect right to stand before God claiming the promise of the Holy Spirit, with a faith which may be utterly devoid of emotion, just as one has the right to claim the free

gift of salvation when he has surrendered his will unto God.

Why have we not received the Holy Ghost? It may be because we have disobeyed some clear command. Mr. Meyer well says "if one has broken one of God's commands, or has been a disobedient child, he can never be filled with the power of God, neither can he claim His blessings, until he goes back to the place where he made the mistake and makes it right with his God."

It may be because we have not confessed our sins. The trouble with us is not so much that we sin, but rather than when we sin, we do not immediately confess it before God. The abiding of an unforgiven sin in the heart of the Christian will absolutely prevent the infilling of the Holy Ghost. It may be because we have too little com-

munion with God in his word. When one of my friends was presiding at a great convention in the City of Washington a number of years ago, in the midst of the deliberations a number of Indian chiefs who had been conferring with the President came into the convention. They looked about with interest. At last an old chief through an interpreter rose and spoke. He said, "what is the secret of all this happiness? Our men do not look like yours; their faces are sad; their hearts heavy. Our women are not like yours. Our children are growing up in ignorance. Our homes are miserable. Tell us if you can, what the medicine is which we must take." Then General O. O. Howard, with his empty coat sleeve, his arm being left on the battle field, sprang forward, and, lifting

up the Bible in one hand, cried out "Mr. Speaker tell him that this is the good medicine." And it is quite true, it is the medicine which will cure the world's sickness; it is the medicine which will fill you with a new life, purging your heart from all that is evil, making your heart free from all that is sinful, making your heart throb with new impulses emotions and desires. Your trouble may be here.

Not long ago, a woman died in London. A few years ago she was utterly unknown, but at her funeral a great concourse of people passed through the great church to look upon her face. There were representatives of royalty; lords and ladies, people of high degree. Then the poorer people came. Finally there came one woman carrying a little babe on one arm and holding another

child by the hand. She reached the casket, put the baby down and was just bending over to kiss the glass that covered the sweet face when the guard exclaimed, "move on, move on." Stopping for a moment and looking at him, she lifted up her hand and shouted out until every one in the church heard her. "I will not move on. This woman saved my boy and I have a right to look." It was Mrs. Booth who was resting in her coffin. One of the grandest women of all God's family; she had been transformed by the Holy Ghost and thus became a winner of souls. So may we all be.

Out in the hill country of Scotland a shepherd counted his flock and found that three sheep were missing. Going to the kennel where the shepherd dog was resting with her young, he pointed

to the wilderness and said "three sheep are missing, go." The dog looked for a moment at her young and then at her master, and was lost in the night. She was gone an hour, then came back bruised by the thorns and beaten by the wolves but she had the two sheep that were lost. The shepherd counted his flock once more; finding one still missing. He stood again at the kennel door where the mother was resting with her little ones. Pointing to the wilderness once more, he said "go." With a look of mute despair first at her little ones, then into his face, she rose up and was lost in the darkness. Two hours passed and then three, then she came back bruised, bleeding, almost dying, but she had the one sheep that was lost. The shepherd picked it up, wrapped it

in his shepherd's plaid and turned away to his fold, while the dog staggering back to her young, reached the kennel door and fell dead.

When I read it, I said, Oh, that a dumb beast of the field with no thought of God, no hope of eternity, no prospects of hearing the Master say "well done, well done," should be so faithful to its master's command, while we sit with folded arms as our Master, with his pierced palm is pointing to the wilderness saying, "the thousands, are lost, go, go." If we were but filled with the Spirit of God we would heed His cry. "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?"

IV.

THE FULL REWARD.

Even after one has accepted Jesus Christ, entered the Palace of Life, and received the Holy Ghost fully, there is still something before him in the way of Christian experience. It comes when one has passed through all the chambers of the king and stands in His presence, whom, having not seen we love. It is written in ii John viii. "Look to yourselves that we receive a full reward;" it is of that I write;

I am not at all surprised to hear Peter, in the 19th chapter of the Gospel of Matthew and the 27th verse,

put the question to the Master "Behold we have forsaken all and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" because Peter had about him a great deal of human nature. Many times we have found ourselves pondering over the same problem. We have made sacrifices for Christ; we have been in the very thickest of the fight for Him; we have labored zealously in the field when it was white unto the harvest, and we have often said, what shall we have for all this? This is the answer. The Christian ought not to work simply because of the reward before him, nor ought he on the other hand to lose sight of the reward. I have been very much impressed with the subject of crowns presented in the New Testament. I once had an idea that they were all

one and the same; that if it was said in one place that I might have the crown of life, and in another place the crown of righteousness, it was simply a different way of stating the same thought. This is as far from the truth as anything could possibly be. They are each different from the other and are given for different reasons, as rewards for different kinds of service; and while every Christian may have one, it is an inspiration to know that every Christian may have them all.

The subject of crowns is in itself interesting. The crown of Ivan the terrible had eight hundred and forty-one diamonds in it; the crown of Peter the great, eight hundred and eighty-seven; the crown of England seventeen hundred; the crown of Imperial Russia, twenty-five hundred; the crown of

France five thousand, three hundred and fifty-two. You know how one little gem sparkles in the ring on your finger as it is touched by the sunlight. Can you imagine the overwhelming splendor of the crown of France, studded with diamonds? How glad I am that the crown of the poorest saint of God is infinitely better than this.

It is not a question of our being saved. Faith as a grain of mustard seed might remove mountains and the same amount of faith can save a soul. It is entirely a question of service.

I hold up these five crowns as an inspiration.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

James i: 12; "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown

of life." This is for those who live a passive Christian life; this is the martyr's crown. I imagine many a one standing before the judgment seat of Christ, not to be judged for their sin for that is all put away at the cross, but to receive the reward, and being obliged to say to the judge: "I did very little for thee, indeed nothing but suffer; I had an aching head, and a weak side and an irritated lung all the way, but I did the best I could. I tried to be peaceful and patient; I could not enter the thickest of the fight; I was very rarely in the meetings; my voice was still where others were heard, and all that I could do was just simply to pray that the work of God might go forward." I imagine there are many like the man who prayed faithfully for his pastor, and,

for fourteen years that minister had a constant accession to his church. There never was a communion without people coming to confess Christ. Men wondered at his success. They said it was not in his preaching, for he was not an extraordinary preacher, but still the people came. At the close of his pastorate, when he was saying "good-bye" to his friends, he called upon this bed-ridden saint who had never heard him preach. He took the thin, wasted hand in his, and then heard this confession; "Pastor, I have never heard you preach in all these years, but there has never been a day that I have not prayed that God would give you souls as a result of your preaching," and then the secret was out.

A Russian soldier on picket duty

was found by a peasant without an overcoat. The peasant took off his own great coat, gave it to the soldier and hurried home. Chilled through and through by the Russian winter, in a little while he died, but before he died he had a dream in which he seemed to stand in the very presence of Christ. When he opened his eyes he told his friends that he had seen the Master, and the strangest thing he said, "He had near Him the great coat." And when he asked Him what it meant, He simply said—"I was naked and ye clothed me."

Never a kind word, a cup of cold water, a pleasant smile, an earnest prayer given in the name of the Lord Jesus, but you will meet the reward, and the reward shall be the Crown of Life.

THE INCORRUPTIBLE CROWN.

I Cor. ix: 25. This is exactly the opposite of the other. This is for the man who leads an aggressive Christian life. Paul had this in his mind when he said, he was striving for the crown that is incorruptible. We will get a better meaning of the closing part of the chapter if we translate the word "castaway," as it should be and make it "disapproved." We thus have the picture of the great apostle striving on the race course to reach the goal, which is a picture of what many a Christian should be doing in his life here below. It was the spirit which Paul had when he said, "Now behold I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem;" and again, "This one thing I do;" and again, "Laying aside every weight I press forward;" and again, "I am

willing to suffer the loss of all things."

It is the spirit we should have if we realized the lost condition of men. The church is all wrong in its ideas when it says, "we have opened our doors, the music is good, the pews are free, the preaching is of the very best, the people are welcome, let them come." This is not the spirit of the Master. He said, "Go out after the lost," and if you will read the parable of the lost sheep, the lost piece of money, and the prodigal son, you will find how far you are to go and how long you are to seek. It is all summed up in the little word "until." This is the warrant for changing your method if the old method will not work.

It is said that the great conflagration in London could have been easily stopped if the firemen could have pro-

ceeded at once against it, but they could not do so until they had received the order from the Lord Mayor, and he could not give the order until he had entered his office, seated himself in his official chair, donned the robes of office, and in the regular way sent forth the message for them to fight the flames. By that time they were beyond control.

We sometimes find this spirit in the church of to-day. There is such a thing as a church being dead because of dignity and conservatism, and it is an inspiration to know that there is a crown awaiting the man whose spirit is exactly the opposite.

THE CROWN OF REJOICING.

I Thess. ii: 19. If there is one more to be desired than another, it is this one.

The Thessalonians were Paul's crown of rejoicing, because he had led them to Christ. This is the crown that Wesley is wearing. Baxter has found it. Whitefield and Edwards received it. It is awaiting Moody. Spurgeon has already had it placed upon his brow, for we are told that he was able during his ministry to lead thirteen thousand by profession into his own church, and this was but the beginning of the multitudes that were won to Christ throughout the world under his influence. It is the crown I long to wear. This is the soul winners' crown. Oh, that we all might receive it. You know nothing of real joy without you have been the instrument in God's hands of leading a soul to Christ.

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

I Peter v: 4. "But when the chief Shepherd shall appear ye shall receive the Crown of Glory." In Ephesians we are told that "He gave some apostles" and that office has ceased. "He gave some prophets" and that has ceased. "He gave some evangelists" and to my mind that is the highest office in the church; and "He gave some pastors." It would be just as correct to call them shepherds. There is no Christian in the world but has received a commission from the Master, to do as He would if He were in this world, and what he said to Peter, he says to us all, "Feed my sheep." It will be a glad day when the church has more pastors than the one who has been called to stand in the sacred desk and preach. I had sixteen el-

ders in my own church, and I counted them as shepherds of the flock, and God looks upon them in the same way and will hold them responsible. There are many Christians in the church who can do the same work. Not a Sunday school teacher but unto him God has committed the same service. It will be a day of rejoicing when the members of the church feel their responsibility to use all their influence in holding up those who have given themselves to Christ. The cry in these days is for the minister that will draw; the greater cry should be for people that are able to hold those who are drawn to the church of Christ. I am sure the Holy Spirit had this in mind when he held out this fourth crown as a reward. I know people who are afraid of the results of revivals. It

all depends upon the condition of the church. If we let the people come in and then allow them to drift out, the last state of the man is apt to be worse than the first; but if, when they come in, we throw round about them the arms of our sympathy, and our prayers, we will soon find that they will be able to take their place in all the services of the church. If the church is spiritual, the new members will be spiritual. If it is wordly, they will take upon themselves the same character. The rule is, that the new members will always average up to the old ones. I can remember when my own little girl was just beginning to walk, we were obliged to hold our arms about her as she took her first steps, but now we never think of doing it, she can run the whole day

and not be weary. The spirit of the church is often times to hold back until it can be determined if the new converts will hold out. Christ's way would be to take a new member by the hand at once, and help him where he is weakest. This is the best service of the church, and he who is faithful in this respect, shall receive the Crown of Glory when the chief Shepherd shall appear.

THE CROWN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

I Timothy iv: 8. To me, this stands side by side with the crown of rejoicing. Sometimes I am almost persuaded to place it first.

It may be at morn, when the day is awaking,
When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is break-
ing,

That Jesus will come in the fullness of glory,
To receive from the world "His own."

O joy! O delight! should we go without dying.
No sickness, no sadness, no dread and no crying,
Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord into glory,
When Jesus receives "His own."

Are you ready? For those who go with uplifted face, crying, "O Lord Jesus, how long?" He will come, and His reward will be with Him—It will be the Crown of Righteousness.

But there is something better still, and that is the full reward in Revelation iv: 4. This is a picture of the glorified church. We are told that the four and twenty elders came in with crowns upon their heads, clothed with white raiment, seated about the throne. In the 10th verse, suddenly the King of Kings appears. At once the four and twenty elders fall down before Him, and taking off their crowns, cast them before the throne, saying, "Thou

art worthy, O Lord, to receive Glory, and Honor, and Power," so that the best reward of all is to be with Him.

That was a glad day in 1855, when the soldiers came back from the Crimean War, and the Queen gave them medals, called Crimean medals. Galleries were constructed for the two Houses of Parliament and the royal family to witness the presentation. Her majesty herself came in to give the soldiers their rewards. Here comes a colonel who lost both his feet at Inkerman; he was wheeled in on a chair. Here is a man whose arms are gone—and so they came, maimed and halt. Then the Queen, in the name of the English people, gave the medals, and the thousands of people with streaming eyes sang, "God save the Queen." But I can think of something

that would have made the scene more wonderful. If these men had taken off the medals which the Queen had placed upon them, and cast them back at her feet saying: "No, your majesty, we cannot keep them, we give back the medals. To see thee is the greatest reward." That shall we do in heaven.

I have a friend who was in the Crimean war; he told me that he had received a medal with Inkerman upon it—for that was his battle; but he said the most touching part of it all was the experience of a friend of his who fought by his side. A cannon ball took off one of his legs, but the brave fellow sprang up immediately and taking hold of a tree, drew his sword, and was ready to fight even to death. Immediately another cannon ball came crashing past and took off the other

leg. They carried him, wounded, bleeding, and as they supposed dying, to the hospital. Strangely enough he came back to life again, and when the day came for the awarding of medals they carried him upon his stretcher before Her Majesty, the Queen. To the other soldiers she had simply given the medals by the hands of her secretary, but when she saw this man carried in on a stretcher, his face so thin and pale, she rose from her throne stooped down by his side and pinned with her own hands the medal upon his breast, while the tears fell like rain upon the face of the brave soldier.

Thus I trust it will be with many of us. We shall come into His presence, stand face to face with Him, and He will rise from His throne coming forward to receive us, and as we look up

**into His face, thrones will vanish away
and crowns will be as nothing, for to
see Him with all his beauty will be
the full reward.**

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